Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-One:

A POEM.

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A POEM,

IN IMITATION OF THE

K Juvenalis

THIRTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

By *ARTHUR MURPHY*, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.XCI.

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

THE SUBLIME AND MORAL IMITATOR OF JUVENAL,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY A FRIEND, WHO LOVED HIM LIVING,

WHO HONOURED HIS VIRTUES NO LESS THAN HIS GENIUS,

AND NOW ENDEAVOURS, WITH UNEQUAL STEPS,

TO FOLLOW HIS BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

NON ITA CERTANDI CUPIDUS, QUAM PROPTER AMOREM,
QUOD TE IMITARI AVEO.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MAY 5, 1791.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Thirteenth Satire of Juvenal has been always admired by the ableſt judges, not merely for its elegance and poetical ſpirit, but as a ſublime compoſition, containing the pureſt and moſt uſeful moral doctrine, ſuch as goes home to the breaſt and buſineſs of every man in ſociety. The Author launches out, with his uſual indignation, againſt the reigning vices of the times, and particularly FRAUD and PERJURY. He introduces his ſubject with an apparent intention to conſole a friend, who had depoſited a ſum of money in the hands of a man baſe enough to deny the truſt, and ſupport his fraud by a daring Perjury.

He obſerves, in the outſet, that the guilty are never at peace; they have no reſt from their own relentleſs thoughts; and yet deceit, and treachery, and injuſtice prevail in the maſs of human life. He paints forth the vices of mankind in glaring colours; and, having by way of contraſt mentioned the times of innocence (commonly called the Golden Age), he takes occaſion to place in a ridiculous light the whole ſyſtem of the Heathen Mythology. The wit and pleaſantry, with which this part of the poem is executed, are truly beautiful: but there is reaſon to fear that the whole paſſage would now be thought an unſeaſonable digreſſion; and, for that reaſon, it was judged adviſable, in the Engliſh Poem, to ſubſtitute ideas drawn from modern manners.

Juvenal proceeds to obſerve the intrepidity with which perjury is often committed. The fear of de-

tection

tection by human evidence, he ſays, is the only reſtraint: ſecure from that danger, the offender is ready, as Shakeſpeare has it, *to jump the life to come.* Of this depravity two cauſes are aſſigned: in the firſt place, Atheiſm; and ſecondly, even among believers, the deluſive hope of eſcaping puniſhment, or of expiating the ſin by repentance at a future day. The Poet, after this, exhibits a black liſt of crimes; and, in ſuch a general corruption of manners, exhorts his friend to appeaſe reſentment in his own particular caſe. Revenge, he ſays, is a little paſſion. He recurs to his firſt propoſition, namely, that the Perjurer, even though he may elude the hand of juſtice, is ſure to ſuffer the ſelf-condemning award of his own conſcience. He deſcribes in bold relief the horrors of a guilty mind. He traces the progreſs of vice, beginning with a petty fraud, and ruſhing on, with apparent ſucceſs, till at length ſome foul enormity

calls down the ſentence of the law, and gives full proof to the world that a ſuperintending Providence watches over the deeds of men, and finally overtakes the offender with ſlow, but certain vengeance.

Such is the moral that inſpires and animates the whole of Juvenal's admirable performance. It may be called A POETICAL STATUTE OF FRAUDS AND PERJURIES. A compoſition ſo truly valuable ought not to remain in the hands of the ſcholar only, like a ſword in the ſcabbard, as Tully has it, *tamquam in vaginâ reconditum*. The doctrine ſhould be impreſſed on every mind. For this purpoſe, the mode of imitation was thought more eligible than a direct and cloſe tranſlation. Mr. Pope had led the way, and the late Doctor Johnſon followed him with diſtinguiſhed applauſe. The fine uſe which he made of the Third and Tenth Satires of Juvenal, in LONDON,

a Poem, and THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES, is well known to every reader of taſte. In fact, thoſe two pieces are finiſhed with ſuch vigour of ſentiment, and ſuch ſtrength and harmony of language, as may well preclude in the preſent writer all hope of competition. It is to be regretted that ſo fine a Moral Poet did not employ a portion of his time upon the Satire now before us. The author of the following lines endeavoured, at various times, to excite him to the undertaking; but the anſwer always was, "I WISH IT WAS DONE." The reader will, no doubt, wiſh the ſame, and by the pen of DOCTOR JOHNSON. To ſupply the deficiency is the deſign of the piece now offered to the public. It is, at leaſt, a well intended attempt, and requires no apology.

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Seventeen Hundred and Ninety One:

A POEM,

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

'YES, it is true (ſo nature's laws ordain),
Guilt on its author ſtill returns with pain.
Conſcience, that awful judge of all mankind,
Erects a dread tribunal in the mind.

' Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipſi
Diſplicet auctori; prima hæc eſt ultio, quod ſe
Judice nemo nocens abſolvitur, improba quamvis
Gratia fallaci prætoris vicerit urnâ.

Nought there can warp the ſenſe of wrong and right;
No gloſſing advocate turns black to white.
Though the pack'd jury ſet the culprit free,
He ſtands convicted by his own decree.
Bitter remembrance charges ev'ry ſin;
The worm, that never dies, corrodes within.
Such the ſad lot of guilt; and you, my friend,
Though wrong'd, have ſtill this juſtice in the end.
What though a perjur'd knave retain your pelf?
His own tormentor, ſtill he goads himſelf.
[a] As fortune turns her giddy wheel around,
Oft in life's lottery ſuch blanks are found.
Then rouſe your ſtrength, and act on reaſon's plan;
Feel your diſtreſs, but feel it like a man.

[a] ——————Caſus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, et e medio fortunæ ductus acervo.
Ponamus nimios gemitus; flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor eſſe viri, nec vulnere major.

Of

Of your misfortune fairly ſtate th' account;
Sum up the whole, and what is the amount?
You ſerv'd a friend, and truſted him alone,
[3] No witneſs near, and he denies the loan.
This chafes your ſpleen; yet by experience form'd,
[4] Born ere brave Vernon Porto Bello ſtorm'd,
Can you, near ſixty ſummers roll'd away,
Thus ſtand at gaze, in wonder and diſmay?
[5] Go to the ſtoic, hear the ancient ſage,
And draw pure wiſdom from the moral page;
Wiſdom, that conquers pain, and toil, and ſtrife,
And tow'rs above the accidents of life.

[3] ——Sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
Depoſitum.—

[4] Stupet hæc, qui jam poſt terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fonteio conſule natus.

[5] Magna quidem, ſacris quæ dat præcepta libellis,
Victrix fortunæ ſapientia. Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitâ didicere magiſtrâ.

Go, read mankind; he fairly claims the prize,
Who in that ſchool finds leiſure to be wiſe;
Who ſees the various ills that round him preſs,
Smiles at the ſtorm, and triumphs in diſtreſs.

'What day ſo holy, but it brings to light
The foul miſdeeds and horrors of the night?
The prowling highway-man no ſabbath keeps;
Whole droves to jail each trading juſtice ſweeps.
Read Newgate's Calendar—what liſts you find
Of frauds and villanies to plague mankind!
The perjur'd caitiff, who no God believes;
Bawds, ſwindlers, murderers, receivers, thieves.
By ev'ry crime the ruffian's treaſures grow,
By ſecret poiſon, and th' aſſaſſin's blow.

'Quæ tam feſta dies, ut ceſſet prodere furem,
Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine lucrum
Quæſitum, et partos gladio vel pyxide nummos.

Life teems with ills; where now the upright man?
Go, with your lantern find him if you can.
Compute the muſter of your valued file;
[7] Say, does it equal the ſev'n mouths of Nile?
With care this habitable globe ſurvey,
And view the deeds done in the face of day.
[8] Vice now ſurpaſſes, with reſiſtleſs rage,
What poets fabled of their iron age.
To mark the times, within her inmoſt veins
No metal baſe enough the earth contains.
Yet you, at trifles ſtruck with wild ſurprize,
To rage and tumult bid your paſſions riſe;
And, if his plighted faith a traitor break,
You ſtorm the world, and bid Olympus ſhake.

[7] Rari quippe boni; numero vix ſunt totidem, quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis oſtia Nili.

[8] Nona ætas agitur, pejoraque ſæcula ferri
Temporibus, quorum ſceleri non invenit ulla
Nomen, et a nullo poſuit natura metallo.

Not

[9] Not with ſuch noiſe, when ſome new play appears,
Bad poets and worſe critics ſtun our ears.
Not half ſo loud pit, box, and gallry roar,
When the ſoft warbler prompts the dear ENCORE.
Not half ſo loud the rabble ſtrain their throats,
When the chair'd member bows for venal votes.

And muſt you ſtill pour forth the plaintive ſtrain?
Reaſon will aſk you, have you liv'd in vain?
Has time, whoſe hand has ſilver'd o'er your head,
Brought no experience? no reflection bred?
[10] Grey-headed novice! muſt you now be told,
How ſtrong th' allurement of another's gold?

[9] Nos hominum divumque fidem clamore ciemus,
Quanto Feſſidium laudat vocalis agentem
Sportula.

[10] Dic ſenior, bullâ digniſſime, neſcis
Quas habeat veneres aliena pecunia? neſcis
Quem tua ſimplicitas vulgo riſum moveat, cum
Exigis a quoquam ne pejuret, et putet ullis
Eſſe aliquod numen templis, aræque rubenti.

Go,

Go, preach at Jonathan's your muſty rule;
Each broker there will hiſs you for a fool;
A fool to think, when lucre is in view,
That ſacred truth can avarice ſubdue.
Man now, my friend, man plays th' impoſtor's part,
And calls on heav'n, an atheiſt in his heart.
Ev'n in the temple, at the ſacred ſhrine,
He feels no ſanctions of the will divine;
Thinks there's no eye to pierce the perjur'd band;
No God to graſp the thunder in his hand.

Wouldſt thou controul this epidemic rage?
Then bid old time roll back the golden age;
Or good King Alfred's reign once more renew,
And give thoſe days of glory to our view.
" All then was innocence, content, and eaſe,
While yet ſimplicity had pow'r to pleaſe.

" Quondam hoc indigenæ vivebant more.

Wit had not learn'd to gloſs and varniſh crimes,
Nor was vice call'd the faſhion of the times.
" To clubs at Bootle's, Arthur's, none could roam;
Each hoſpitable baron liv'd at home.
Beneath his roof the welcome gueſt might ſtay,
Unplunder'd of his all at midnight play.
Leagu'd at a Faro bank no ſharpers ſat,
Nor for a wager could devour a cat.
Hoyle had not taught his rules of cards and dice,
Great legiſlator of a nation's vice!
On morning wings no news abroad could fly,
To blot out truth, and propagate the lie;
" No pamphlet ſcatter'd, from a traitor's pen,
Raw metaphyſics, and falſe rights of men.

" Nulla ſuper nubes convivia cælicolarum:
Prandebat ſibi quiſque Deus.

" Nec rota, nec furiæ, nec ſaxum, aut vulturis atri
Pœna, ſed infernis hilares ſine regibus umbræ.

From

From France no agent of a deſp'rate band
Could ſpread his froth and venom through the land.
Atheiſts, Socinians, Puritans, unknown;
No fierce Republicans to ſhake the throne.
No wars envenom'd by religious hate;
Nor Whig, nor Tory, to convulſe the ſtate.
All were one party in their country's cauſe,
And the King reign'd a ſubject of the laws.

Love then in mutual bonds mankind could draw,
Nature their guide, ſimplicity their law.
Pure health and peace ſincere contentment gave,
The women virtuous, and their huſbands brave.
Lo! now an heireſs weds: fair ſmiles the hour
That lights her onward to the nuptial bow'r.
The gentle loves attend each genial night,
Till the fell ſerpent poiſons their delight.
Cards and the piquet-friend engroſs her cares;
His time her lord with grooms and jockeys ſhares;

And while her pin-money his lands produce,
She brings him nothing for his ſeparate uſe.
To Doctors Commons ſoon they wing their way,
And publiſh mutual ſhame in open day:
To the adult'rer ſhe reſigns her charms;
Her lord lives joyleſs in a ſtrumpet's arms;
Till fame, health waſted, in the dregs of life
He advertiſes for a pregnant wife.

But where the bard to paint, in varied rhymes,
The many-colour'd guilt of modern times?
14 Now if by chance you meet a man that's juſt,
True to his friend, and faithful to his truſt,

14 Nunc ſi depoſitum non inficietur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum totâ ærugine follem,
Prodigioſa fides, et Tuſcis digna libellis,
Quæque coronatâ luſtrari debeat agnâ.
Egregium ſanctumque virum ſi cerno, bimembri
Hoc monſtrum puero, vel mirandis ſub aratro
Piſcibus inventis, et fœtæ comparo mulæ.

All

All prodigies muſt yield to one ſo rare,
The Ouran Outang, and the Panther Mare.
To ſee the miracle what crowds will go!
Lever's Muſeum has no equal ſhow.

Who, while the truth no witneſs can atteſt,
Who hears the voice that whiſpers in the breaſt?
The book the perjurer takes without diſmay,
Falſe as the hypocrite in Cibber's play.
Secure from mortal ear and mortal eye,
Though Heaven behold him, Heaven he can defy.
[15] With eyes upturn'd, as angels they would meet,
With features marſhall'd, to diſguiſe the cheat;
Of human laws if he eſcape the rod,
Safe from the pillory he braves his God.

What if he ſhine with modern doctrines fraught,
By Toland, Tindal, and Spinoza taught?

[15] Tam facile et pronum eſt ſuperos contemnere teſtes,
Si mortalis idem nemo ſciat. Aſpice quantâ

"Of the Firſt Cauſe he ſhakes th' eternal throne,
And plaſtic nature rules the world alone.
Unbid the ſeaſons in their turn advance,
And day and night are regular by chance.
A gay freethinker, all his doubts ſuppreſs'd,
And in rank fate his willing heart at reſt,
He owns no ruling Mind in yonder ſky,
Nor fears leſt matter overhear his lie.

Yet ſome there are, form'd in a ſofter mould,
On whom religion ſtill maintains her hold;
"Who think Eternal Wiſdom guides the ball,
And that the crimes of men for vengeance call.

Voce neget, quæ ſit ficti conſtantia vultûs!
Per ſolis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat, &c.

"Sunt in Fortunæ qui caſibus omnia ponant,
Et nullo credunt mundum Rectore moveri,
Naturâ volvente vices et lucis et annis;
Atque ideo intrepidi quæcumque altaria tangunt.
"Hic putat eſſe Deos, et pejerat; atque ita ſecum:
Ut ſit magna, tamen certè lenta, ira Deorum eſt.

Before

Before their eyes yet vain illuſions play,
And by falſe reas'ning they themſelves betray.
Hear Harpax ſpeak: "Yes, puniſhment," he cries,
"Purſues the man of guilt, where'er he flies.
"But when, or where, will juſtice ſtrike the blow?
"Severe though Heaven may be, its wrath is ſlow.
"Since pray'rs are wafted to the throne of grace,
"Well-tim'd repentance may each crime efface.
"That guilt has various lots, the fact is known;
"One cuts a Nabob's throat, and then his own.
"While the poor villain by the halter dies,
"Rich with ill-gotten ſpoils contractors riſe.
"Better with loſs of ears a plum to hold,
"And gain by perfidy a nation's gold,

Si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
Quando ad me venient? Sed et exorabile Numen
Fortaſsè experiar; ſolet his ignoſcere; multi
Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fato.
Ille crucem ſceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.
Decernat quodcumque volet de corpore noſtro

"Than

" Than paſs in dull morality my days,
" To gain the cold benevolence of praiſe,
" Through life unfriended ſtarve for worthleſs fame,
" And leave in chizzled ſtone a beggar's name."

Thus thinks the man whom avarice inſpires,
Whom guilt incites, and mad ambition fires.
[19] Cite him to ſwear, he'll to the altar fly,
Attune his voice, and teach his looks the lie.
Intrepid falſehood gains upon the ear,
And bids ev'n fraud with dignity appear;
[20] While you aſtoniſh'd roar with lungs of braſs;
Lungs, that e'en Homer's Stentor can ſurpaſs;
For you all nature muſt forget her laws,
And warring elements aſſert your cauſe.

Iſis, et irato feriat mea lumina ſiſtro,
Dummodo vel cæcus teneam quos abnego nummos.
[19] ——————Tum te ſacra ad delubra vocantem
Præcedit, trahere imo ultro et vexare paratus—
Creditur a multis fiducia———
[20] Tu miſer exclamas, ut Stentora vincere poſſis.

To

To lance their thunder if the gods forbear,
With Epicurus you deny their care.

[21] But ſtill, to ſoothe your woes, hear reaſon's rules;
Rules, from no ancient, from no modern ſchools.
Through your parch'd veins when burning fevers fly,
To *Peirſon*, *Turton*, *Brockleſby* apply.
Your truſt in *Myerſbach* you now may place;
Send him your vial, and he'll know your caſe.
[22] Of fraud can life no more examples ſhew?
If none, rave on, and aggravate your woe.

[21] Aſpice quæ contra valeat ſolatia ferre,
Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoica dogmata legit.
Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri,
Tu veniam vel diſcipulo committe Philippi.
[22] Si nullum in terris tam deteſtabile factum
Oſtendis, taceo, nec pugnis cædere pectus
Te veto, nec planâ faciem contundere palmâ;
Quandoquidem accepto claudenda eſt janua damno,
Et majore domûs gemitu, majore tumultu,
Planguntur nummi quam funera. Nemo dolorem
Fingit in hoc caſu, veſtem diducere ſummam

Yes, bar your door, and pierce with ſhrieks the air,
Your panting boſom beat, and rend your hair.
Such ſcenes are play'd, when a rich father dies;
Such ſcenes are play'd, when huſbands cloſe their eyes:
At fun'ral rites ſuch ſorrows oft appear;
For gold, none ſhed the counterfeited tear;
For gold, men ranſack earth, and ſea, and air;
For gold they forge, vote, lie, defraud, forſwear.
Go, ſeek the courts, to Weſtminſter retire,
Where Jews give bail and evidence for hire.
[23] There, in the place where Juſtice holds her ſcale,
Againſt all truth ſee villany prevail.
One gives his bond: th' attorney, if you ſue,
Proves it diſcharg'd, and finds the witneſs too.

Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.
Ploratur lacrymis amiſſa pecunia veris.
[23] Sed ſi cuncta vides ſimili fora plena querelâ,
Si decies lectis diversâ ex parte tabellis,
Vana ſupervacui dicunt chirographa digni,
Arguit ipſorum quos litera, gemmaque princeps,
Sardonychum, loculis quæ cuſtoditur eburnis.

Is the debt obſolete, and out of date?
A tale ſuborn'd th' attorney can create.
With glav'ring ſmile he talks with you apart,
Profeſſing candour with a treach'rous heart;
And then for hire his promiſe can deny,
Licens'd to practiſe, to betray, or lie.
For hire th' attorney goes, where wild deſpair
And moon-ſtruck phrenzy rend the howling air;
With pious leer there draws his venal quill,
And in the name of God begins a will;
Sets for the moment the ſtrait waiſtcoat free,
Earning by dark iniquity his fee;
Calls to his aid the keeper of the den,
And for a lunatic conducts the pen;
Obſerves all forms; and, in the hour of need,
Swears THE INTESTATE underſtood the deed.

Such crimes abound; yet, delicately nice,
You claim a ſhelter from the gen'ral vice.
Vain man! the ills of life hop'ſt thou to cure,
And in a maſſacre to live ſecure?
Collect the annals of theſe happy times,
Your page will be a regiſter of crimes.
The ruffian here, by hope of plunder led,
With ſilent pace at midnight ſeeks your bed;
There the old ſervant, who ſhould guard your life,
The murd'rer brings, and arms him with the knife.
This binds th' infurer for his ſtock to pay;
His ſtock the following night conveys away:
He ſteals unſeen to wake the ambuſh'd fire,
Till through the dome the curling flames aſpire.

Tene, O delicias! extra communia cenſes
Ponendum, quia tu Gallinæ filius albæ?
——————————Confer
Conductum latronem, incendia ſulphure cœpta
Atque dolo, primos cum janua colligit ignes.

From houſe to houſe the conflagration ſpreads,
And the roofs topple on the ſleepers heads.
The infant wakes, amidſt ſurrounding woes,
And clinging to its mother cloſer grows.
But, ah! no help; the elements conſpire,
And wretches doom'd by villany expire.
What place is ſafe? no check the plund'rer feels;
[26] This night, he robs the Chanc'llor of the Seals;
Next, in the manſion of the Pow'r Divine,
Pilfers the chalice from the ſacred ſhrine;
Or the thin gilding from the altar breaks,
And the poor curate's tatter'd ſurplice takes.
See where the murd'rer meditates his plan,
In ſecret practice on the life of man.

[26] Confer et hos, veteris tollunt qui grandia templi
Pocula, adorandæ rubiginis, et populorum
Dona.———
———Minor extat ſacrilegus, qui
Radit inaurati femur Herculis, et faciem ipſam
Neptuni, qui bracteolam de Caſtore ducat.

His deadly aconite, infus'd with art,
Invites the lip, and ruſhes to the heart.
In gilt buffets oft hovers inſtant fate,
And LAUREL-WATER aims at your eſtate.
The gay-fac'd gambler burniſhes in vice,
And loads at once his piſtols and his dice.
[27] More felons ſwarm in each revolving year
Than BOND can ſeize, or Sir John Hawkins clear*.
At mercy's call if juſtice ſpare a few,
What Bay of Botany can hold the crew?
In the wide waſte, ye mariners, explore
Some hidden iſlands, ſome untrodden ſhore,
Where, rear'd and foſter'd by Britannia's care,
Their rebel iſſue may for war prepare;
In time forgetting, ſpite of ev'ry tie,
Their fathers did not on a gibbet die.

[27] Hæc quota pars ſcelerum quæ cuſtos Gallicus urbis,
Uſque a Lucifero donec lux occidat, audit?

* Hawkins has enumerated fourteen or fifteen ways by which felons may eſcape.

But

[28] But ſtill ſhall guilt know neither ſhame nor awe?
Shall fraud, ſhall perjury, eſcape the law?
Law, without morals, nothing can avail;
Blunt is her ſword, and uſeleſs hangs her ſcale.
Your penal code, ye legiſlators, pen;
You may make hypocrites, not honeſt men.
But let the pillory exalt, you cry,
The perjur'd knave:—your rage he'll there defy.
The culprit there for favour never begs,
But, worth a plum, enjoys his rotten eggs.
[29] But ſtill 'tis juſt revenge:—can inward peace
From malice ſpring, and bid your paſſions ceaſe?
Go talk with Socrates, great moral ſage,
Pure light of wiſdom in a darkling age!

[28] Nullane perjuri captis, fraudiſque nefandæ,
Pœna erit?

[29] At vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ.
Chryſippus non dicet idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique ſenex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ ſæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accuſatori nollet dare.

Would

Would he who reaſon'd on th' immortal ſoul,
To his accuſer give the poiſon'd bowl?
Your pangs, my friend, revenge can ne'er requite;
[30] Revenge, of little minds the low delight.

[31] Yet think not that the wretch who finds a flaw,
To baffle juſtice, and elude the law,
Unpuniſh'd lives: he pays atonement due;
Each hour his malefactions riſe to view.
Vengeance, more fierce than engines, racks, and wheels,
Unſeen, unheard, his mangled boſom feels.
[32] What greater curſe can earth or heaven deviſe,
Than his, who ſelf-condemn'd in torture lies?

[30] ——— Quippe minuti
Semper et infirmi eſt animi, exiguique voluptas
Ultio.

[31] ——— Cur tamen hos tu
Evaſiſſe putas, quos diri conſcia facti
Mens habet attonitos, et ſævo vulnere pulſat,
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?

[32] Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo ſævior illis,

From

From agony of mind who knows no reſt,
But bears his own accuſer in his breaſt?

What charm ſhall bid theſe horrors rage no more?
Heal the hurt mind, and gentle peace reſtore?
That charm is virtue: virtue can ſupply
Comfort in life, and courage when we die.
Virtue the pureſt bleſſing can impart,
The conſcience clear, and ſelf-applauding heart.
[33] At Delphos when a Spartan youth applied,
What think you then the Pythian Maid replied?
The treach'rous knave his friend's beſt treaſure ſtole,
And meant by perjury to keep the whole:

Quas et cæditius gravis invenit, et Rhadamanthus,
Nocte dieque ſuum geſtare in pectore teſtem.
[33] Spartano cuidam reſpondit Pythia Vates,
Haud impunitum quondam fore, quod dubitaret
Depoſitum retinere, et fraudem jure tueri
Jurando; quærebat enim quæ Numinis eſſet
Mens, et an hoc illi facinus ſuaderet Apollo.

Unpractis'd

Unpractis'd yet in fraud, he ask'd advice:
The prieſteſs anſwer'd, "The bare thought is VICE;
"VICE, that ſtrikes deep infection to the mind;
"Vice, that in time will retribution find."
And if the ſlave no deeper plung'd in ill,
[34] 'Twas FEAR, not VIRTUE, that controul'd his will.
[35] Who but conceives a crime, with malice fraught,
Warps into vice, and kindles at the thought.
What though the embryo ſin, conceal'd with art,
In thinking die? Guilt rankles in his heart.
[36] If the ſtrong motive urge him to the deed,
Horror, remorſe, and miſery ſucceed.

[34] Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus.

[35] Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitet ullum,
Facti crimen habet.

[36] ——————Si conata peregit,
Perpetua anxietas, nec menſæ tempore ceſſat.
Faucibus ut morbo ſiccis, interque molares
Difficili creſcente cibo. Sed vina miſellus
Exſpuit; Albani veteris pretioſa ſenectus
Diſplicet.

See him at table, liſtleſs, wan with care,
In thick-eyed muſing loſt, and pale deſpair.
Within his mouth, now unelaſtic, flow,
The viands loiter, and inſipid grow.
In vain for him the banquet ſpreads its ſtore,
The rareſt banquet now can pleaſe no more.
In vain for him the mellowing years refine
The precious age of the pure racy wine.
In vain gay wit calls forth her magic train;
He flies the ſcene, to think, and dwell with pain.
No reſpite from himſelf, with cares oppreſs'd,
[37] If weary nature ſink at length to reſt,
In the dead waſte of night pale phantoms riſe,
Stalk round his couch, and glare before his eyes.
The temple bends its arches o'er his head,
And the long iſles their umber'd twilight ſhed.

[37] Nocte brevem ſi fortè indulſit cura ſoporem,
Et toto verſata toro jam membra quieſcunt,
Continuò templum, et violati Numinis aras, &c.

He ſees the altar perjur'd where he trod,
The violated altar of his God!
He groans, he riſes, but the conſcious mind
Wakes to worſe horrors than he left behind.
Of his fix'd doom each object is a ſign,
A viſitation from the Pow'r Divine!
[38] Kindled in air if ſudden meteors fly,
And hollow murmurs ſhake the vaulted ſky,
No more the tempeſt ſprings from gen'ral laws;
The winds have now a preternatural cauſe.
'Tis God in wrath, that ſpreads his terrors round;
'Tis God, who now his enemies has found;
'Tis God's right arm, that ſhakes the diſtant poles,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

[38] Hi ſunt qui trepidant, et ad omnia fulgura pallent;
Cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure cœli,
Non quaſi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, ſed
Iratus cadat in terras, et judicet ignis.

Soon

Soon as the warring elements ſubſide,
And nature ſmiles with renovated pride,
Remorſe and horror now no more appal;
'Tis Chance, not Providence, that rules the ball.
[39] A fever comes: 'tis heaven's avenging rod!
Again he owns the attributes of God.
He dies, and leaves the church his children's ſhare,
And hopes in heaven to make his ſoul his heir.

Such the deep pangs obdurate villains find;
Such the dire furies of the guilty mind.
Temptation ſaps its way by ſlow degrees,
Firſt a mere thought, by habit taught to pleaſe.
While yet our actions in their motives lie,
Their dang'rous ſophiſtry the paſſions ply.

[39] Præterea lateris miſeri cum febre dolorem
Si cœpere pati, miſſum ad ſua corpora morbum
Infeſto credunt a Numine; ſaxa Deorum
Hæc et tela putant.

[40] The deed perform'd aſſumes its genuine hue;
He ſtarts, turns pale, and trembles at the view.
Grief, and remorſe, and madneſs, and deſpair,
In ſad viciſſitudes his boſom tear.
New fears, new hopes, now riſe, and now ſubſide,
And the will drives with the alternate tide.
The bound once paſs'd, farewel the peaceful ſhore,
Where dwells fair virtue! he wades back no more.
[41] In the wide annals of recorded time,
Where find the knave who dar'd one only crime?
His life a climax of flagitious deeds;
Fraud grows on fraud, and guilt to guilt ſucceeds.
[42] The laws at length demand their victim due;
He joins at Boulogne the ſelf-exil'd crew;

[40] Cum ſcelus admittunt, ſupereſt conſtantia: quid fas
Atque nefas tandem incipiunt ſentire, peractis
Criminibus.

[41] Quiſnam hominum eſt, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio?

[42] —— Dabit in laqueum veſtigia noſter

Or to ſome cottage, where conceal'd he lies,
Trac'd, and detected in his mean diſguiſe,
He's dragg'd in fetters to the dungeon's gloom,
Condemn'd in anguiſh there to wait his doom;
And leave, at length, this leſſon to mankind:
"Eternal Juſtice is nor lame nor blind."

11 . 7 . 49

Perfidus, et nigri patietur carceris uncum,
Aut Maris Ægæi rupem, ſcopuloſque frequentes
Exulibus magnis———
———— Tandemque fatebere lætus
Nec ſurdum, nec Tireſiam quemquam eſſe Deorum.

FINIS.

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